

QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

VOL. XVI.

KINGSTON, CANADA, FEB. 15th, 1889.

No. 6.

Queen's College Journal

Published by the ALMA MATER SOCIETY of Queen's University in TWELVE MONTHLY NUMBERS during the Academic year.

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THE *Manitoba College Journal*, always an interesting and instructive little paper, contains an article in the January number on Manitoba Mission Fields, which our Divinity students who are thinking of becoming missionaries would do well to read. While we would not say anything to depreciate Foreign mission work, the first duty of our students is to their own country. There are over twenty stations in Manitoba alone which require to be filled—and the laborers are few. These stations would all, under the care of such students as we have, become in a few years large and flourishing congregations—far superior to half of those which exist here. There is more life and vigor in the West than in the East, and the opportunity of vastly greater growth.

But, besides Manitoba, there is the whole of our North-West in need of missionaries and settled ministers. The work here is certainly as interesting as any in the foreign field, and the probabilities of successful effort infinitely greater. It is only a very rare student—one among a thousand—who is fit for foreign mission service. No

one, for example, should dream of enlisting in this work who has not, to start with, exceptional linguistic abilities. We have already had an example of complete and total failure on the part of one of our foreign missionaries because of this very defect. And there are numerous others, who, while they have failed not quite so pronouncedly as to need official recalling by the Church, are still to a very large extent examples of misdirected, if not wasted, effort.

Of course, we are all familiar with the common cries on this subject—if a man has only the enthusiasm, the rest will soon follow. We have no desire to depreciate the effects of an enthusiastic temperament. It is true that very little of great or abiding work has been done in the Church, or in the world, either, without enthusiasm. It is true, quite true, that all or almost all the great spirits in thought or action have had enthusiasm. But it is equally true that they had something more. Some of the most veritable cranks we ever knew were enthusiasts. And while some of our foreign mission candidates, who have about as much ability in the line of languages as a frog has in the art of music, hug to their hearts the sweet delusion that enthusiasm will cover a multitude of sins, they are a trifle mixed. "Paul had enthusiasm, and he was the greatest foreign missionary of the ages. We have enthusiasm and we will be Pauls." We confess that the idea is a pretty one. It would doubtless afford much consolation to a man who had been plucked more times than he could count. But prettiness is not always truth; and the worst element about the idea is that it will not stand practice.

Candidates, again, for the foreign field, should have the constitution of a horse. No man with a weak body has any right to volunteer for foreign service. It is simple suicide. He may think that it is a glorious thing to sacrifice his life for Christ in the endeavor to bring light to those who are in soul-darkness. He is right, other things being equal; it is the best thing he can do. But other things are not equal. There is no necessity laid upon him to make this sacrifice. So long as there are plenty of other men with constitutions adapted to the work of the foreign field, he has no right at all to throw away his life. He can do more work and for a longer time in our own land; work to which his powers adapt him; work just as necessary to the Christian cause—work in which he has reason to expect more fruit than

the same amount of labor would bring him abroad. It is a no less noble task to lay the foundation of enduring greatness in our own young West than in far-off China.

The *Presbyterian Record* emphasizes the statements of the *Manitoba College Journal*. Dr. Robertson says:—"Two or three ministers of Ontario have offered to help us for a few months; *we could place twenty permanently at once*. Unless we secure suitable men for our work we must be prepared to lose our present vantage ground." Here is the field for our young men. There is any amount of life in the West because it consists largely, almost entirely, indeed, of young men. They make money faster and they are more generous with it when they have it. For a single example take Morden. It started to raise \$750 to remove its mortgage, and got \$1,400. If they were to take pattern by the East, the process would probably have been reversed." "Engineer Ogilvie has just returned from Yukon, and says that the gold region is forty-five miles inside the British line, and the men for 200 miles can wash out \$10 per day anywhere. He reports the oil lands as being in area tens, if not hundreds, of thousands of square miles." Those who are pining away for a change of scene, a new country and a mission field with a chance of adventure, should turn their eyes to the Yukon. We hope that our Queen's men will think very much less about China and very much more about our own North-West. Our first duty is that which lies the nearest to us, and the man who does this best, serves God best.

Calvinism in Hungary is developing in a new direction. A resolution has been passed by the Convention of Reformed Churches that all members of the lower clergy who have married shall henceforth be ineligible to appointment to any living. This means celibacy pure and simple for Calvinistic clergymen. The times change and with them the reasons which upheld this manner of life of old. The arguments in its favor in these days are not that it tends to higher spiritual development or to greater freedom from worldly annoyances, but of a much more practical character—that the Church will in this way free itself from supporting the widows and orphans of deceased ministers. The resolution is certainly admirably adapted to the end in view; but we fancy that the majority of Calvinists throughout the earth would prefer the disease to the remedy. We presume that the next move on the part of the Hungarian Church will be to strike out of the Scriptures Paul's Epistle to Timothy where he says:—"Now the Spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to doctrines of devils—fornicating to marry and commanding to abstain from meats."

We have received from the publisher, J. Theo. Robinson, of Montreal, "The Battle of the Swash and the Capture of Canada," by Samuel Barton. This is the

Canadian authorized edition of the work which created such a sensation in New York a short time since. The aim of the book is to show the folly of American Congressmen, who have wasted, as Mr. Barton says, millions of American money in magnificent public buildings all over the Union, while turning a deaf ear to the cry of the coast States for harbor and coast defences. Mr. Barton starts with the Jeffersonian idea of the absolute necessity to the United States of a merchant marine, and believes that with such a service plus a fair navy and proper coast defences, she could laugh at the world.

With the general principle of Mr. Barton, looking at the matter from the American standpoint, we heartily agree; although we believe that he is laboring under a very considerable delusion if he imagines that a war between Canada and Great Britain on the one side and the United States on the other would result in the fashion pointed out in this work. The invasion and capture of Canada is a very simple thing—exceedingly simple—on paper. But with all respect to the American soldiers, for whom we have the sincerest admiration, they would find, when the time came, that the capture of Montreal, Quebec, &c., the destruction of the Welland canal, and all the other little items of conquest narrated in the *Battle of the Swash*, were much more easily described than carried out. Mr. Barton seems to have an infinite contempt for the Canadian regulars and militia. There may be some ground for this contempt, or there may not. But the American who thinks that all that is needful to a conquest of this country is a display of American soldiery on our frontier has about as much idea of the temper and calibre of Canadians as an elephant has of dynamite, or a Yahoo of the Greek chorus.

Mr. Barton's conception of the demolition of the Victoria and the Comperdown is, like the rest of his work, strikingly original; but it has, as a naval authority, the same unfortunate defect which prevents Robert Elsmere from being an arbiter in matters of religious faith—it has room for only one side of the question. Without, however, going into any detailed analysis of the work, we may say that it is cleverly and strikingly written, and those of our students who would like to have an excellent idea of American and Canadian political questions cannot do much better than to invest a little *quarter* in "The Battle of the Swash."

As we go to press we learn with the deepest regret of the death of Mr. John Carruthers. To our graduates and to the friends of Queen's everywhere, he needs no words of praise from us. If a more public-spirited, generous, kindly-souled gentleman has existed in this city than Mr. Carruthers we have yet to meet him. We shall refer to his death at greater length in our next issue. Meanwhile we beg leave to assure the bereaved family that every son of Queen's unites with them in sorrow at our common loss.

♦ ASSOCIATE EDITORIALS. ♦

A. M. S.

WHAT has become of the ancient dignity of the Alma Mater? Whither has its glory fled? One who has not attended a meeting can hardly bring himself to believe the report of it. One week a meeting, whose correct minutes may be found in the "De Nobis" column—a meeting such that it wrung from a sober junior the remark that it was the first meeting he had ever attended, and would be the last—but let this pass, "A little nonsense, now and then," etc. But nonsense extending monotonously over all the meetings is relished by no one. Why will men come to the society night after night and make themselves ridiculous by taking the floor every few minutes and obstructing all business and everything else without saying one single word of sense per month? At the first meeting at which our present president occupied the chair he carried strictness to the farthest limit (at least when men who had the interests of the society at heart desired to speak). Now he appears to have gone to the extreme of indulgence. At the meeting on February 2nd events occurred which showed the wisdom of the course taken by two or three members at the meetings last February and March. If anyone will search the minutes of these months he will find objections recorded night after night because of the refusal of the secretary to record the settlement of the most important questions that interested the society through the whole session. The treasurer reported that the principal had a note, signed by the officers of the society, which promised to pay \$250 with interest next March. Nobody had ever dreamed of such a thing. It simply shows the profound secrecy with which the officers keep their action veiled. But this was not the worst. The question was broached whether the ladies should be allowed to spend the money, which they have paid toward athletics, upon their reading room. That the ladies cannot use the gymnasium appears sufficiently obvious, yet men apparently sober were found to maintain that there was nothing to prevent their doing so. To us the gymnasium—the cellar of the dissecting room—appears much more nearly unfit for male students to enter than fit for female. But the society, with utter carelessness of the fact that it had appointed a committee for the express purpose of overseeing the expenditure of this money, appointed another—not one of whose number is a member of the original one—to confer with the Principal about this fee. As for ourselves, we have very decided views about this matter, and they are (1) that the ladies' money should not be expended on the gymnasium; (2) that they ought to have it, or a greater portion of it, for their reading room; (3) that they ought—and we believe they will agree with us—to pay something toward football. But let all things be done decently and in order.

♦ LITERATURE. ♦

ON A RAFT.

(Continued from page 61.)

IF any race of people on the face of this green earth deserves to be healthy, wealthy and wise, it is assuredly the voyagers of the St. Lawrence, granting that the old saw is reliable. Their hours for repose are regulated on the basis of the sundial. As soon as the sun sinks into the horizon, they sink into their bunks, and when the glorious orb shows his face again in the morning, they show their faces (much dirtier, bye the bye) at the shanty door. Not having read up the theory, I am not prepared to state their resources in cloudy weather, but imagine that force of habit would carry them over any moderately long spell. Although it was barely eight o'clock they had nearly all disappeared, and as it was growing very dark and the mosquitoes were very playful we disappeared also. This was our first day and we both agreed that, on the whole, it was a very jolly life. Even "Spot," the fox terrier, seemed to be enjoying himself and had secured a splendid, soft corner on Sam's pillow, where he was comfortably curled up in blissful ignorance of the coming storm. We sat and talked for some time and then took a look out and found the moon had risen and the mosquitoes vanished. Ahead of us were, on either side, the lights of Brockville and Morrisstown. It was too late to go ashore but we stayed and kept the moon company for a little while and then turned in. During the night it came on to blow hard and we had to lie by near Prescott till the wind moderated. Sleep was impossible owing to the peculiar tendency that Frenchmen have of exercising their lungs when at all excited. The tug had ranged up alongside and a vigorous communication was kept up in the dark between the respective crews in the very shrillest tones and their incomprehensible dialect. The only creature that slept that night, I believe, was "Spot," and he snored away contentedly as if the roar of the elements and the shouts of French sailors were his ordinary lullaby. But we didn't allow time to hang heavy on our hands; we lit the lamp, shut the door, hunted up a euchre deck and were well on into double figures as to games played, when the stentorian voice of old Aimé could be heard above the din, "lochez le howline, faites les voiles vite, vite!" We knew what this meant—the wind had either veered to another quarter or showed signs of going down, and it would not be long now or we should be once more on our way. By dint of a tremendous amount of yelling and sacrilegious bowline was hauled on board and coiled up forward, the men on shore leaped for the raft as it forged ahead, and all hands rushed to the shanties to try and get forty winks or so before dawn. The next day, Sunday, was to be an eventful one for me at least. We were to run two rapids, weather permitting. Sure enough we were aroused at a most unearthly hour by our faithful

squire, Moses, and told with a great deal of gesticulation that the "Galops" were "bien proche," that everything was lovely and the goose hanged high. This was charming. We donned our oldest clothes, shut up "Spot" in the cabin, and in moments of intense excitement he seemed to have an undue partiality for the heels of the men, and awaited developments. We could distinctly hear the sudden roar of the rapids, and furthermore perceived that the steamer had left us some time ago and was tearing down the current with her big walking beam scarcely moving. What was still more unpleasant, we realized that we were all apparently cut adrift from one another, and that our dram as the "dram d'élite," was leading the procession down the stream in gallant style. It seemed uneasy to be left so completely at the mercy of the current, but as we were heading perfectly straight and the rapids were not dangerous, we sat down and devoted a few minutes to studying these "Rules" I referred to in the early part of this letter. I forgot to mention that we had taken aboard at the picturesque little village of Troquois, an old Indian pilot, who was smoking his pipe and admiring our skill. The thought immediately struck me what fun it would be to shoot the rapids in the boat, but on suggesting the idea to S — he shook his head and said he believed he'd stay where he was. The old pilot seemed to divine our thoughts, for he walked over to us, pointed to the skiff and to the river and uttered the magic word "come." "That's the ticket!" I yelled, "come on S — !" But he smiled benignly and declined to move. So we launched our frail bark, jumped in, and in another moment were in the thick of it. I must say, that although it was jolly and exciting, several times I fell to admiring my comrade's judgment in staying on board. The waves were very friendly and frequently sent delegates into our laps, and the boisterous good humour of the whirlpools and eddies as they whisked the boat hither and thither would no doubt have reassured anyone but a novice at the work; still when one considers the frantic rate at which we were being borne along, and the soothing fact that if once the skiff's head was allowed to swing sideways we should probably both go straight to Davy Jones, no one will accuse me of arrant cowardice, if I confess that, on regaining the substantial footing of the great dram, I drew a deep breath and uttered a fervent "for these and all Thy mercies." All the drams had come down in safety and on expressing my surprise that no accident had occurred I was contemptuously informed that what we had just passed was the "Baby" rapid of the river. This was cheering(?) news, and I secretly conjured up to myself the appearance of the hoary headed grand sire. We were all at this time flying past the shore at the rate of ten or twelve miles per hour, and as the next item on the programme was some four or five miles further down, we had an opportunity of examining the odd-looking little houses that dotted the banks. They were nearly all about the same size and most of them beautifully white-washed. This latter process, I am told, is performed

about twice a week by the careful housewife. Gardens, well stocked with flowers, could be seen in front, and shoals of children were running in and out of the houses or gazing at us from the road side. The opposite shore is steep and densely wooded, evidently not much visited by the habitants. Indeed, I can hardly conceive how a canoe could cross in such a current. But a tap on the shoulder and another "bien proche" from Moses aroused us from our meditations. The "Rapides du Plat" were on the other side of a rocky point that we were approaching. The men seemed to regard these rapids with a little more respect, for they had rigged up in the bow and stern, if such features could be discovered on an almost square surface, enormous oars, each one of which required the services of a stalwart voyager. As we rounded the point, we perceived that their respect was well founded. Instead of a swirling current that presented little else but heaving swells and whirlpools there was now to be seen a long reach of foam-crested waves that were rushing about in every direction, punching one another in the ribs and behaving *very like they do in Rugby football*.

(To be continued.)

ROUND ABOUT JAMAICA.

THE neighborhood of Port Royal teems with landmarks of historical interest, the relics of events some of which had a bearing upon the histories of England, Spain and France; others, none the less interesting, as marking events when the Caribbean Sea and Spanish Main swarmed with pirates; the early days of colonization and struggling civilization.

Yonder, across the harbour stands Port Augustus, a low built, age-worn fortification, which marks the place where the troops of England first landed, bent upon the conquest of one of the fruits of Columbus' perseverance and daring. Its site is an unhealthy place, with its treacherous lagoons and its lurking miasma; it proved the grave of many a gallant soldier. The route to the Spanish metropolis, St. Jago, now Spanish Town, lay through these dismal swamps, and incredible numbers of men sank into its slough, in the attempt to gain a gem for the crown of their country. It seems wonderful that after capturing the island, the English should have built this fort and in the hotbed of fever placed a garrison, only abandoning it as a barracks, after years had added terribly to the list of victims.

Here, in Port Royal itself, nothing remains of the once famous resort for Buccaneers and Freebooters. There the wealth of the Spanish Main accumulated and was lavishly spent; where prize ships of all nations, notably the galleons of Spain, were brought with their chests of gold the prey of the Monarchs of the Main, who in their cups squandered their ill-gotten gains in the public-houses and at the dice table. The wealth of Panama, sacked by that King of Buccaneers, Morgan, found its way here with many others, the fruits of bloodshed and piracy. The old town of Port Royal lies beneath the sea engulfed by that

horrible earthquake of two hundred and odd years ago, which swept its crime stained walls into the abyss. Horror and dismay spread among the inhabitants when the first few shocks were felt; a more appalling shock succeeded and amid shrieks and execrations, old Port Royal went down. Sturdy Buccaneers who faced death every day in this calling of rapine and pillage made the scenes more horrible still by their alternate curses and cries for mercy. The huge tidal wave caused by the gulf, swamped the ships in the harbour and many a noble galleon, with its elaborate carvings and wealthy furnishings disappeared. Even now, on a calm, still day, can portions of stone buildings be discerned grown into coral, and in one place, resting across one of these masses, a cannon, rusted and coral grown; also the bell of the old sunken cathedral was recovered a short time ago and is now to be seen in the public museum in Kingston.

Near here also is the residence of Lord Rodney, the famous Admiral, who built on the crest of a hill near his home, a tower, where he had a look-out kept for the French fleet, under De Grasse, who sought in their turn to capture the island from the English. From this tower gallant Rodney saw the white sails of the enemy rising above the horizon and sallied forth to meet and defeat them, proving himself a second Nelson.

Of Nelson too, there are many old relics. Here were his headquarters from whence he went forth to capture that hitherto impregnable stronghold, Havana. The brave Benton also had his station here, and it was here that the gallant old man was brought, after the engagement in which both his legs were shot away, to die and to leave his remains in the country he had defended. His tomb may be seen in the parish church at Kingston, he being buried in front of the altar.

Who has not heard of or read that delightful work "Tom Cringle's Log?" The sight of the execution of the Cuban pirates is just over there on that point. That event as chronicled by Mr. Scott is a matter of history, though woven by him into a touching romance. Again from "Tom Cringle;" over there, at Green Bay, are the graves of the two sea-captains who killed each other in a duel, the tombs crumbling and picturesque, another matter of history romance-woven.

Near there also is the grave of the man who was swallowed by the great earthquake and disgorged again, and who lived to a good old age, respected and feared by those who regarded him as a being chosen for some great work and snatched from the grave that he might perform it. However, he did nothing beyond settling in the new Port Royal and engaging in mercantile pursuits until his death. The tomb is in good preservation, legible and curious.

The Sec'y-Treas. received from Halifax about a week ago a one dollar bill with no name attached. He would like to know who the sender is, as we have several subscribers in that city.

COLLEGE NEWS.

THE GAEL.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BY PROF. CARMICHAEL, BEFORE THE OSSIANK SOCIETY.

WHO are we? Whence have we come? What is our origin, our true name, our fatherland? To what race do we belong, to what age? What is our true place among the nations of the earth?

These are a few of the questions which come home to the heart of every true Gael, when, as he looks down on the beautiful valley of the Earn or the Tay, he attempts to lift the veil from the misty past. The Saxon is left out of the reckoning in this discussion. He is too recent a creation. From the sublime heights of the Grampians and the Ochills, and the hills of Morven, we can look down with calm complacency upon the dwellers on the banks of the Frith and the Clyde, the Tweed and the Ayr. We have no share in the Saxon invasion, for we dwelt secure on the Caledonian hills a thousand years before the first Saxon foot trod the English sands. Our fathers did not come over with the Norman conqueror, because they had come more than two thousand years before.

It has been taken for granted that the first time history lifts the veil from the face of the Northern hills we see two races, the Picts and the Scots, contending for the mastery. Ireland was, in old time, called Scotland, and swarms of the Irish-Scots crossed over and colonized Scotland, and gave the country their own name. But we make no claim to be Scotch. The Gael is not a Scot. We simply acknowledge him to be a forty-second cousin, just as we do the Pict. The geologist reads the history of the world backwards. He turns over page after page of the stony record. He brings us to the beginning, the very dawn of life, and with bowed head and reverent eye we look on the first living, breathing thing. And from that far distant past we can grope our way down through the countless ages, and see one formation laid upon another, and one plant and animal succeeding another till we reach the 19th century. In the same way the ethnologist can throw his way backward through the strata of languages and their changes, till we stand at a nation's fountain-head. Even dead languages are to him what fossils and petrefactions are to the geologist. Through their indications he is able to spell out the ethological records of the past, and thus catch a flash of light from the gray cloud that rests over the dawn of the ages. And so these linguistic monuments seem to point to the country east of the Caspian and north of Hindu Kush as the home of the Aryan nations. There, in an age long anterior to European history, while Europe was yet a jungle, or peopled by wandering tribes, akin to the Fins or the North American Indians, dwelt the Northern nation by which Europe was afterwards peopled. From this centre successive migrations took place towards the

North and West. The Celts were the very first swarm to leave the native hive, and at one time they occupied the greater part of Europe. Other migrations followed afterwards, the ancestors of the Italians, Germans, and Teutons.

When we find the same name used for the same object by the wide-spread members of the family, we may reasonably infer that that object was known to them before they left the paternal home. Threadling our way backward we find that all the common family names, such as father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister, were known to the primitive Aryans. We also find that they had a state organization, with kings, rulers and governors; and that the ox, the cow, the sheep and the goat constituted their chief source of wealth and subsistence, and that they built for themselves houses, villages and towns. Among the various members of the Aryan family, words associated with the peaceful occupations of life are the common heirlooms of the language. This would seem to show that all the Aryan nations had led a long life of peace before they separated. And as each colony started in search of a new home, their language acquired an individuality of its own. And coming down the stream of the ages, new generations would win new terms to represent the warlike and adventurous life of their onward migrations. Hence it comes that all the Aryan tongues have their peaceful terms in common while they differ widely in their warlike expressions. Domestic animals are known by nearly the same names in England and in India, while wild beasts have different names in Greek and Latin. The old Aryan stock seem to have had some knowledge of the most important of the primitive arts. They practised agriculture, raised grain, and ground it into meal or flour, cooked their food, and baked bread. They had looms and wove cloth, and shaped and sewed it into garments. They made constant use of gold and silver and brass, and even iron. They knew the cardinal numbers as far as one hundred. A thousand did not come into use till after the dispensation. Abstract language did not yet exist. Each separate word was a metaphor. To express the setting of the sun, they said "that he grew old and died."

And so the old Celts were the first to leave the old nursing nest to the north of the Caspian Sea. They saw and followed the beckoning hand that was guiding them to the home of the sunset. They heard the voice of the coming ages bidding them "Go West," and they bade adieu to their kindred and friends, the home of their childhood and the graves of their fathers, and crossed the trackless wastes, always following the pathway of the setting sun. It took them centuries to do it. But what did a few centuries more or less signify to a people who did not travel by a lightning express or speak across vast oceans or wide continents by telegraph or telephone, or feed on electricity, or live all their life at fever heat?

They rested for many generations on the plains of Galatia. They were both to leave its sunny fields and

cloudless skies. But again the old wandering spirit revived within them. They struck their tents, took up their household goods, and turned their faces towards the West. They filled all the Scandinavian country, settled down on the banks of the Rhine and the Rhone, the Ebro and the Seine. They pitched their tents in the sunny fields of France and Spain, and cultivated the vine and the fig, the orange and the date. They crossed the channel, and overran the whole of the British islands long before the first Roman had set foot on the English shores, perhaps before Romulus had laid the foundations of the walls of ancient Rome. They continued to migrate northwards. From the summits of the Grampians they saw the beautiful valleys of the North. How glorious those hills! How enchanting those plains and glens and dells when bathed in the light of setting suns! How beautiful those silver lochs and lakes! Fairer, more beautiful, this planet does not contain. The Gael, with a true eye, saw here his future home. "This is my rest," etc. This was the land of which their fathers had dreamed, in their far-off homes on the borders of the Caspian Sea. There, at last, they settled down to rest, their wanderings over and the toils of travel ended. There, in those lovely glens and dells, the Gael has dwelt for the last three thousand years. There they are dwelling still. And there the archangel will find them dwelling when he comes down to sound the trumpet of our world's dissolution.

Other tribes came in long centuries afterwards. The Picts spread themselves along the Eastern shores. The Scots, from Ireland, overran Argyll and other portions of the West. The Danes invaded some counties in the far North. But the Gael remained unmoved within his mountain fastnesses. The Picts were foreigners, and so were the Scots. The Gael kept his ground. He regarded himself as belonging to a superior race, and made no alliance with the alien.

With very many writers on the early history of Scotland it is a common thing to confound the Scot and the Gael as if they were the same people. But a moment's consideration will show us that this is impossible. The Gael, the very same people who possess the country north of the Grampians to-day, were its possessors far beyond any date assigned even by fabulous records. For, 1st, the Gael and the Scot differ from each other in their language, manners, customs, superstitions, prejudices and traditions; 2, among the Scots their country is universally known by the name of Scotland. They have no other name for their own race than the Scot. Scott has even become a very frequent proper name, and is often incorporated with their names of places; 3, among the Gael, on the other hand, the term Scot is utterly unknown. The Gael never call themselves Scot or Scotch. They never call their country Scotland. Among true Highlanders Scot is never used as a proper name. You cannot find the name Scot applied to any town or valley or river in the Highlands. Their language knows no

such word. Buchanan wonders that one half of the nation should have forgotten its own name. (4) The Highlanders always call themselves the Gael, and their country "a *Ghàidhealach*." The rest of the country they call *Albion* (Albion), and its people Albanach. (5) But the word *Albion* or *Albion* is wholly unknown among the common Scots, except so far as they may have learnt it from books, or heard it from the Gael.

These remarks point but to one conclusion—that the Gael are a distinct race from the Scots, that the Gael are the people who possessed Caledonia in the time of the Romans and Albin in the time of the Greeks.

The Gael loved his country. Who can blame him? Those glorious hills and glens—the silvery lakes and streams—the hazel copse, the May blossom—the heather bloom—the sweet songs of the mavis and the lark—these were woven round his heart-strings and became part of his very life. To leave them was to him the very bitterness of death. In the land of his exile his thoughts still turned fondly, lovingly, to his native shore.

"Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither.
Can in a moment travel thither
And see the children sporting on the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

In the long after future, when, driven by hard times or lonely oppression to leave their fatherland—in the great Australian forests, or on the banks of some lone Canadian stream or lake, a thousand blessed memories of their old homes on the Highland hills haunted their souls.

"From the dim shieling on the misty island
Mountains divide us and a world of seas,
But our hearts are true, our hearts are Highland,
For in our dreams we behold the Helbrides."

The Gael had a religion peculiarly pure. They were the first to leave the old home near the Himn-Kush. Moving constantly in advance of the successive tides of immigrants that rolled into Enrope from Asia, they retained for many ages their primitive creed, untinged by any foreign admixture. In the Deicidal religion as it was known among the old Gaels of Caledonia, we have perhaps the purest form in which tradition has been able to preserve the patriarchal faith. We find many references to Druidical customs in the classical writers, and in fragments of old Welsh and Gaelic poetry still extant. They taught the existence of one Gool, whom they called *Dhia, Dia, Dhu*. Sometimes they called this one Gool *Beal*, a contraction for *Bea-nil*, the life of all. Is this word any kin to the old Phœnician *Baal*? For *Baal* as well as the Gaelic *Beal* was regarded as the formative, quickening principle in nature. Both identified their supreme deity with the sun. The Gaelic name for sun was *Grian*, the essence of fire, and was applied to the orb of day as the symbol of supreme deity. They had no temples, used no images, had no outward symbols of

worship. They met in a grove, or gathered around a sacred oak. They had sacred enclosures, a circle of round stones twenty or thirty yards in diameter. In the centre stood the cronech or altar, an obelisk of immense size, a large oblong flat stone supported by pillars. But with what religious rites or ceremonies they worshipped God it is hard to say. They attached a good deal of importance to the ceremony of going three times round the sacred inclosure from east to west, following the course of the sun. This expressed their entire conformity to the will of the supreme Being. To this day the Gael, when they carry their dead to the grave, follow the same course. And at their feasts, they invariably pass the bottle round the table in the same order.

They offered sacrifices. Of this there can be no doubt. Sometimes they offered human sacrifices—the prisoners they had taken in war, or their own sons and daughters. They thought that the Gael they worshipped deserved the very best they had, and that the less they pleased themselves the more they would please their god. But the worshippers of the sun in every age and in every land have stained their altars with human blood. They had two principal festivals—the one Beltane day, when a huge bonfire was kindled to welcome back the sun after the gloom and desolation of winter; the other, Old Hallowe'en-Samhain, the fire of peace. At this festival the Druids gathered around the bonfire, and discharged all the judicial functions of their office. They settled all disputes, and amicably arranged all controversies. The fires in the neighborhood were all extinguished, and the cottagers carried home a blazing torch, enkindled at the sacred pile. They believed in the transmigration of souls, and in a future state of rewards and punishments. They believed that if a Gael died without paying his lawful debts, these debts would have to be paid on the unseen shore, and till they were paid the restless spirit must wander to and fro over all the latitudes and longitudes of infinite space, without any ease or quiet and without a home.

Their notion of a future state embraced the conception of a heaven and a hell. Their heaven was *Plathinnis*, the Island of the Brave. This is the name by which the true Gael knows the better country, even the heavenly, to this day. Their hell was *Yfuria*, the Island of the Cold Wave, a very morbid notion of the prison of the lost. But their most vivid notions of suffering were all connected with intense cold. "*Plathinnis*" was a paradise of all kinds of delights. The valleys were open and free to the ocean. Trees loaded with a luxuriant foliage, which scarce moved to the light breeze, were scattered on the green slopes and rising grounds. The fierce wind walked not on the mountain. No storm swept through the sky. All was calm and bright. The pure sun of Antannu shone from his pure sky on the fields. He has turned not to the west for his repose, nor was he seen to rise from the east. He sits on his mid-day throne and looks on the noble Isle. On the rising hill are the halls

of the departed—the high-roofed dwellings of the heroes of old.

The Gael had a language and a literature of their own. The old Celtic alphabet had only 17 letters, just one letter (F) more than the 16 brought by Cadmus into Greece. We know that eight more letters were added to the Greek alphabet about the time of the Trojan war, a manifest proof of the antiquity of the Gaelic. For (1) It is certain that if the Gael had received their letters at any period subsequent to the Trojan war, they would have had the eight additional letters. (2) If, though it has lately crept into the language, was originally an aspirate, as among the Greeks, and marked by a dot above the line. It is never found at the beginning of a pure Gaelic word. It is merely used as an euphonic, or joined to some other letter to supply the place of some letter wanting in the old Celtic. (3) The arrangement of the letters is another proof of the antiquity of the Celtic alphabet, B, L, N, (Beth, Luis, Nion). After St. Patrick introduced the Roman language and letters the Roman arrangement prevailed. (4) The very names of the letters carry us back into a far distant past. The alphabet is considered as a forest, and the letters as trees—Ailn, an elm tree; Beath, a birch tree; Coll, a hazel; Duir, an oak.

Looking over a long list of Celtic, Sanscrit, and Roman words, you see in a moment how nearly akin the Celtic and Sanscrit languages are. A Gael should not have half the difficulty in mastering Sanscrit that an English boy would have. It would be like going back to the home of his fathers after long years of absence, where almost every sight and every sound awakened memories of a long-forgotten past. Take the name for God—Dia, Deus; Dorus, Dwara, Fores; Saeaird, Sacerdos, Sacerdos.

Had the Gaels a literature? Sir James Ward, in the "Antiquities of Ireland," says that the Saxons, having no alphabet of their own, borrowed the old British letters from the Irish when, after their conversion, they flocked to the country for their education. Camden inclines to the same opinion. The editors of an edition of Ossian's poems, printed in 1839, stated in the preface that they had in their possession a copy of an old Gaelic Bible printed in the Saxon character. Had the old Gael—a thousand, two thousand years ago—a literature of their own? Had they made any advance in civilization? To all such questions it may be answered (1) That the vitrified forts show some knowledge of building and fortification. Stones were brought from a great distance to build these forts when fusible stones were not at hand. These vitrified forts bear names which connect them with Ossianic heroes and heroines. If only their speech could be understood, what a tale they would unfold. (2) Wilson, in his prehistoric annals, clearly shows that the Gael had made great progress in metallurgy in pre-Christian times, showing great taste and skill in the manufacture of bronze and gold ornaments, a fact which

is clearly proved by many specimens preserved in our museums. (3) We have the testimony of such heathen writers as Strabo, Caesar, and Lucan, and the Druids professed a special, profound discipline; that they were wiser than their neighbors, had better schools, and possessed a high degree of moral and intellectual culture. (4) Read the description given by Tacitus of the battle of Mons Graupius, and it will impress you with the idea that the Romans had met with a foe as high in culture and refinement as themselves. Or (5) Look at the stern resistance which the brave Gael offered to the ironclad legions of Rome. Step by step the Roman armies pushed their way northward, laying one fair province of Britain after another prostrate beneath their feet, till the eagles which had been carried victorious to the banks of the Tigris were also carried victorious to the banks of the Tay. But the brave sons of the Gael, sweeping down from the Grampians and the Ochills like an impetuous torrent, drove them back.

When Dr. Johnson visited the Hebrides, in the latter half of the last century, he declared that there was not a single manuscript in all the Highlands 100 years old. The doctor was a far better judge of English roast beef and plum pudding than of Gaelic literature; for he did not know one letter of the Gaelic alphabet, nor could he read one line of Gaelic poetry. Yet with one sweep of his pen he could crush out of existence the whole of Macpherson's Ossian. It was a fraud. It was Macpherson's own. It never existed in Gaelic. Macpherson had woven the whole mysterious fabric out of the phantasy of his own brain! Now, in answer to all this blustering, we have to say that one of the oldest of Gaelic books is what is known as the Dean of Lismore's Book. It was written between 1512 and 1526, by Sir James Macgregor, Dean of Lismore and Vicar of Fortingall. The MS. is now in the Advocate's library, Edinburgh. The Dean's book is a commonplace book of 311 pages. The great bulk of it consists of Gaelic poetry by no fewer than 47 different authors. Of the poems nine are ascribed to Ossian, and several others to his contemporaries and immediate successors. This forever settles the question as to whether Macpherson was or was not the author of Ossian's poems. It also shows that 400 years ago—and that was some time before Dr. Johnson was born, or Macpherson either—Ossian was believed to be the King of song, and Fingal the hero of heroes.

Then we have the Book of Deer. In the parish of Old Deer, Aberdeenshire, a Cistercian monastery was founded in 1219 by William Cunyn, Earl of Buchan. Some MSS. belonging to the Monks of Deer were taken to the University library, Cambridge, after the Reformation. Some of these MSS. are in the Gaelic of the 9th century. A Gaelic Rubric and some memorials in the handwriting of the 12th century, in Gaelic, refer to Collumville and his work among the Gaels. These, so far as we know, are the only remnants of the Gaelic of the 12th century. The Gaelic has been very free from changes for the last

two thousand years. The Highlands are secluded and isolated. Their ancient tongue has had every chance to become fixed and permanent. And a language that was perfect from the first, why should it change? Why should it wander round among all the other tongues of earth seeking help from them? And so the Gaelic is far freer from foreign words and phrases than the cognate tongues in Wales and Ireland. In the National MSS. of Scotland, edited by Cosma Innes, No. 59, is a charter of certain lands in Islay, granted by Macdonald, lord of the isles, to Brian Vicar Mackay, the only charter in the Gaelic language which is known to exist. It bears date May, 1498, and is written in Gaelic which any intelligent Highlander can easily understand. In fact it contains but one word which has become obsolete. A charter written in the English of 1498 would now be a sealed book to ordinary English readers.

In the battle-song of the Macdonalds on the day of Harlaw, 1411, you have the Gaelic just as it is spoken to-day. In the older life of St. Kentigern, written prior to 1164, it is said that Servanus, when he heard of the birth of St. Mungo, exclaimed, "A Dhia cuisin fìor," the very words a Highlander would use to-day. These are the straws which show in what direction the current is moving, and they show us very clearly that, for several hundred years back, the Gaelic language knows no change.

Dr. Johnson declared that there was not in the whole world a single Gaelic MS. a hundred years old. And in the face of this we have in the Advocates' Library alone over 60 Gaelic MSS. varying from three to five hundred years old. The fact is, no country seems to have been richer in song than the home of the Gael. Songs seem to gush forth there spontaneously as showers from the clouds of summer, or flowing streams from the living spring. Where will you find sweeter songs than those of Jan Lom, the Lochaber bard, who lived and sang more than six score of years before Dr. Johnson visited the Hebrides? Or, An Clarsair dall, of the Island of Lewis, who lived about the time of Cromwell and Charles II.? Or, Macfutyre, the author of "Bein Dourain"? Early in this century a Highland bard happened to be the guest of a small country laird near the Silvery Earn. It was harvest time, and the laird, accompanied by the bard, went out to the field where the reapers were cutting down the golden grain. At mid-day they all sat down among the sheaves to enjoy their noon-day repast. The laird asked the bard to say grace. Reverently he laid aside his bonnet and commenced to croon "Bein Dourain." The laird, who did not know a word of Gaelic, listened, muttering "What a fine grace!" But as the bard went on through stanza after stanza, the laird changed his comments to "What a lang grace!" Fancy a party of gentlemen in our day sitting patiently around the loaded table while the deacon repeated "In Memoriam."

Alex. Macdonald published, in 1751, a small volume of Gaelic songs. In the preface to his book he calls atten-

tion to the fact that enough Gaelic songs could be found in the Highlands to fill a score of volumes if anyone should take the trouble to collect them.

In 1755 Jerome Stone, Rector of Dunkeld Academy, writing to the *Scot's Magazine*, says: "There is in this district a very great store of Gaelic poetry, which, for sublimity of sentiment, nervousness of expression, and high-spirited metaphor, are hardly to be equalled among the most cultivated nations. Of modern Gaelic poetry, that which has been composed during the last 250 years, from Mary Macleod and Ian Lom downwards, and published in various editions, there is a quantity of which few English writers have any conception. I could name 60 authors, says the Rev. Archdeacon Clerk, in his preface to the Ossianic poems, whose Gaelic songs number more than 60,000 verses. And how much has been lost! Songs that never were written down perished with those who sung them, or with the old bard who sung them at a hundred cottage firesides, till death hushed his voice in the eternal silence. But it is not yet too late, and steps are taken year by year to gather up the fragments, so that nothing may be lost. For, of all the languages, the Gaelic is the best adapted for poetry. It is the language of the feelings, of the affections, of the heart, of the inner, truer life of the soul.

To you now is committed the task of preserving it, and handing it down to coming generations unimpaired. It is a sacred trust. Guard it sacredly. See that the language which has come down to you from a hoary antiquity—around which ten thousand hallowed associations and blessed memories cluster—flows down to future ages in its untarnished purity and glorious wealth of song.

Y. M. C. A.

As announced on the programmes the professors led the meeting on Friday evening, January 18th. Besides an unusually large number of arts men there were also present, by invitation, many medical students and the ladies from both colleges. Dr. Williamson took the chair and expressed his pleasure in the work done by the Association and urged its members to continue their efforts for the good of their fellow students. Principal Grant, in his address, referred to the best methods of introducing Christianity into heathen lands, exemplifying his remarks by his experiences in South Africa and Japan.

On the 25th January, continuing his address regarding missions and missionaries, the Principal spoke of the necessity the church should observe of sending the right man to the right place at the right time. Not every country is ready to receive the Gospel message, and until it is the labour of introduction is to a great extent wasted. The work of preparation is going on day by day and fields are opening. It is the duty of the missionary to search out these and in them begin his work. Christ did not come until "the fulness of time," and neither can His Gospel come with power to a nation until a state of pre-

paredness had been reached which shall ensure its taking root. Not every man is suitable for the work. The missionary requires a different training according as he intends to labor in one field or another. He should be a young man and unmarried. After spending a year or two in the field he will be able to judge whether he is working effectually or not. If not he should return home where his experience will make him an efficient teacher or preacher. If, on the other hand, he succeeds, he will feel that his duty lies in the line along which he labors and may settle down to his life work.

In Convocation hall on the evening of February 1st the Rev. A. H. Scott, of St. Andrew's church, Perth, delivered to a large audience a lecture entitled "European Rambblings." Last summer Mr. Scott attended the Pan Presbyterian and Pan Anglican councils in London, England, and afterwards, as a Canadian delegate, the World's Y. M. C. A. Convention, in Stockholm. This involved an extensive and interesting tour in the Old World, with an opportunity for much sight seeing and news-hearing. Is it to be wondered at that, as they listened to the portrayal of scenes and the recital of incidents upon which he happened during his trip, his hearers were charmed, and that at the close of the lecture a hearty vote of thanks was tendered the lecturer? Dr. Watson, the chairman, and several others who were present, crossed the Atlantic on the same ship with Mr. Scott.

PERSONALS.

A LARGE number of new students have arrived since the holidays. Among our old friends we notice John Madden, '89, who is looking as jolly as ever, and Ralph M. Lett, who is again with us after an absence of a year and a half.

Ontario is losing another talented divine and Vancouver is gaining one by the acceptance of the call to that city by Rev. E. D. McLaren, B.D., of Brampton. The far West seems to present great attractions for the sons of Queen's.

We were pleased to hear from Mr. Geo. Malcolm, '89, an old member of the JOURNAL staff, who is at present teaching in the High School of Mitchell. That George is giving a good account of himself is evidenced by the fact that he received an unsolicited offer of a position in Collingwood school at a salary of \$800 per annum. With the usual modesty of a Queen's student, however, he declined.

Mr. D. Strachan, '89, was presented recently by the congregations of Deacon and Metz, where he has been laboring during the past two summers, with a gold chain with pen and pencil attached, and a handsome set of furs. The addresses were very flattering, showing the deep sympathy existing between Mr. Strachan and the people. Mr. Orr Bennett, B.A., supplied the above field during the Christmas holidays.

Edmund C. Shorey, M.A., has made a start as an analytical chemist and mineralogist. He has a laboratory in the office of Captain N. D. Moore, the iron ore expert of this city. We wish him every success in his venture.

The daughters-in-law of Queen's are becoming more numerous every month. At Port Hope on January the thirtieth, Dr. W. A. Lavell, '80, of Smith's Falls, was married to Miss Maggie Shepherd, of the same place. We heartily congratulate the doctor on securing such a shepherd to look after him, and cordially wish them both a happy future.

On the same day at L'Amable, Rev. Arpad Given, B.A., of Williamstown, was married to Miss Mary Tait of that village. This is a direct fulfilment of a prophecy contained in the twelfth number of the last volume of the JOURNAL. The old classmates of Mr. Given will be glad to hear of this sensible move. Rev. John Hay, B.D., of Campbellford, performed the ceremony.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE LATEST. The door of our Sanctum has been furnished with a spring lock. No trespassing allowed.

Did you notice our superfine, double-distilled, non-explosive, anticorrosive stained glass windows at our eastern entrance?

The new assistant in the Physics laboratory is called Phillip. The Prof. calleth "Philip, come forth!" and he cometh.

The legislation for which Principal Grant is asking on behalf of Queen's is as follows:—To enable the University Council to elect annually a trustee to hold office for five years; to provide for prescribing a religious test, which shall be administered to the trustees and professors in arts; to empower the University to hold and sell real estate in any part of the Dominion, and to grant certain powers with a view to increasing the efficiency of the institution.

A Glee Club has at last been formed, with the following officers:—

Hon. President—H. L. Wilson, M.A.

President—H. A. Lavell, B.A.

Sec'y-Treas.—W. H. Cornett, B.A.

Conductor—D. Strachan.

Accompanist—H. Russell.

Committee—J. Binnie, J. Shurie and J. W. Mainhead.

The club will lead the singing in Convocation Hall services, and any other college gathering if necessary. Practices are being held weekly, special attention being given to new college songs.

The services in Convocation hall have been revived, much to the satisfaction of a great many students. Last Sunday the Rev. J. E. Hill, of Montreal, preached a very excellent sermon to a large congregation. It is to be

hoped that more students will attend than formerly, for the benefit to be derived from these undenominational services is incalculable. They tend to widen the sympathy and increase the liberality between the various sects of the Christian Church, and this is something very useful at the present time.

Could not something be done to improve the slovenly appearance of the reading room? The pictures are hung in all sorts of positions, and many of the more recent ones are merely perched on one of the desks, liable at any time to be broken by the elbow of a passer-by, or by a chance concussion. Let the curators see that this room present a more attractive and tidy appearance in future.

THE LADIES' CORNER.

THE LEVANA SOCIETY.

THIS society has at last been christened, and a few weeks ago the following officers were appointed:—Hon. President, Miss Alice Chambers, B.A.; President, Miss Laura Shibley; Vice-President, Miss Annie G. Campbell; Secretary, Miss E. McManus; Treasurer, Miss Janet Horne; Curators of Reading Room, Miss M. M. Chambers, Miss Jennie Fowler.

The ladies have promised to send in reports of their meetings to the JOURNAL from time to time, which we are sure will prove very interesting to our readers.

EXCHANGES.

IN the current number of the *Notre Dame Scholastic* we find a very flowery article on the "Uses of Literature." Despite the elaborate manner in which the writer has "piled on the agony," his language is choice, and his sentences have a rhythm that is quite poetic. The author's enumeration of the great names in literature shows that, as far as French writers are concerned, he adheres to the antiquated views of the last century; and his list would be greatly improved if he added to it the names of Moliere and Victor Hugo, even though, by doing so, the ones he gives were excluded. The *Scholastic* also contains well-written articles on the "English Language" and "Yellowstone Park"—the latter by a professor—and winds up with a very refreshing rhapsody on the "Beauties of Nature," liberally garnished with quotations.

The January number of the *Metall Gazette* contains a plentiful supply of college news and several sensible editorials. It also has an article on the "Household Lays of Ancient Rome," which, we imagine, contains the results of the long and earnest investigations of some Freshman, in the neighborhood of Rome, N.Y. The amusing skit by *L'Homme qui Rit* points to a reprehensible tendency among some science men to imitate our last year graduating class—and have no dinner.

Although a man with a rifle figures on the cover of the *Comp d'Etat*, we would infer from the local column—of which a considerable portion of its contents are composed—that lady students were in the majority there. The *Comp d'Etat* also records the marriages of several of the "sweet girl graduates" of Knox College, Ill.

Acta Victoriana for January contains an editorial deprecating in strong terms the "cowardly doings of the physical-force hazers," and landing the Victorian "Bob" as the *ne plus ultra* of initiations of Freshmen. If the editors had subjected the punctuation of the rather florid article on "Positive Christianity" to a little gentle hazing, and re-arranged its sentences slightly, the article would be easier to read.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

ONE evening not long ago a number of students were out spending the evening, and, of course, were called upon to give a college song. Accordingly they lined up and were giving "Michael Roy" with the *piano* passages left out and the *forte* parts magnified to five times their natural size, when one lady listener, turning to another, exclaimed, "What a terrible noise!" "Yes," was the answer, "but I suppose the poor fellows don't get out very often."

"Say, Sm-ll-e, give us a lift on this window." "No, I won't. The last window I had anything to do with cost me about \$1."

Arts man—What did you do with the last victim of your concursus virtutis?

Medical judge (with awful solemnity)—We—we expiated him.

OUR FRESHIES.

What funny lads the freshies are,
And the lassies, too, I ween,
Their names are queerer still by far,
As by this it may be seen.
We will not Argue they are brave,
For 'mongst them is a Yeoman,
Who with a Hunter at a shave
Would lay out any foeman.
Of cavalry they're sore in need,
Of Horseys they've only one,
Who at a Gallop could them leud,
Say, 'gainst a hostile Gunn.
The ladies all are learned and sage—
We Reid that they are fickle,
But then for every Beverage,
Your Wright they have a Nicol.

It is hard to be stepped on when one is down, isn't it. A short time ago a very gallant senior was executing

some graceful gyrations on the riuk, in company with a young lady, when, somehow or other, an upset occurred, the lady taking the precedence. The senior died hard, but at last the law of gravitation came out ahead, and he dignifiedly sat on the lady's skates. Quickly righting himself he turned to help the lady up, lamenting at the time the "unfortunate accident." "Well," said the lady, "I was ready to get up a quarter of an hour before you were done tumbling." After all, if one has to fall, it is better to do it at once instead of going through an acrobatic performance trying in vain to maintain an equilibrium.

AN ALMA MATER DEBATE.

THE curtain rising discovers a youthful embryo physician in the chair, the leader of the negative "summing up," and an excited mob in the background.

Leader of Neg.—And, my friends, in this institution, 64 per cent. of these unfortunate children are drunkards. Such—

1st Member—I rise to a point of order, Mr. Chairman. The constitution says that the leaders are only allowed to sum up, not to give new points.

Chairman—Eh?

Exit L. of N.

Enter L. of A.

Leader of Affirm.—That last statement of the prov—

2nd Member—Mr. Chairman, did you rule that the leader of the negative was out of order?

Chairman—Well—ah—um!

2nd Member—Because if you didn't, and I don't believe you did, why did he have to take his seat? What is your ruling?

Chairman—What's that?

2nd Member—Does "summing up" mean bringing in new points or referring only to points already brought out? Is he out of order?

Chairman—Well, I—I— Oh, he's all right.

Exit L. of A.

Re-enter L. of N.

L. of N.—I was just going to say that 64 per cent. of the children in Toronto have drunken fathers. That's all.

Exit.

Re-enter L. of A.

L. of A.—According to the last speaker, 64 per cent. of the people of Toronto are given to drink, and I must say that—

L. of N. (from the mob)—I didn't say that. I said that in that institution 64 per cent. of the children had drunken fathers.

L. of A.—What's that he said, Mr. Chairman?

Chairman (convincingly)—He said 64 children in the institution at Toronto were fathers of drunkards.

(Cheers from the mob, with denunciations from L. of N., and excited gestures from the Chairman, in the midst of which the curtain drops.)

SCENE II.

Chairman ("summing up" after debate)—Well, gentlemen, I'm not used to being a judge, but I'll try to say what I think:—

"The leader of the affirmative got up an' talked a long while an' didn't say anything. (Cheers.) Then the other fellow got up and knocked all his arguments into a cocked hat. (More cheers.) Then another affirmative man got up, but I forgot what he said; but (wild cheering and groans) the next fellow pulverized him, too. (Tremendous applause.) After that one of the men on the other side made a few remarks, and after that was replied to the leaders wound the thing up and got mad. So since two men on the affirmative were no good, and two men on the negative were very good, and one man on each side about equal, I decide in favor of the affirm—(wild cheers)—no I mean the negative. If you don't like it you can lump it."

Curtain.

GROWLS.

FROM OUR DISPEPTIC EDITOR.

IT makes me tired to see the cool cheek displayed by some men in this University. And they seem so blissfully unconscious of the fact. That's what knocks me cold. I was one of the human herrings in the gallery of Convocation Hall on the occasion of Principal Grant's reception. I got there in a most undignified fashion, with my hat crushed down over my eyes, my coat half off and my collar twisted just three quarters of the way round my neck. Propelled from behind and below I was flung—actually flung—astraddle the back of a seat in the third row, and had I not clung to it with the tenacity of a Sophomore to his cane, I might have been laid under it. Then all evening I had to sit on that uncomfortably narrow perch, with four fellows behind using me as a prop, three others sitting on my feet, and a wheezy horn in full blast in my right ear. But I might have stood all that and still have smiled. I might even have been tolerably happy. But to see freshmen and sophomores in Arts and Medicine, sitting in the front seats with various sized canes denoting the different grades of their inebriety, and with a supreme indifference to the feelings of those who had made the college building their home for from four years to seven previous to this time,—to see them monopolize their senior's prerogative and making the gallery a regular pandemonium—Bah! it makes me sick now to think of it. I would like to know what all this means. Is no precedence to be given to the older and more experienced students? Hadn't the freshmen better inaugurate a parliament to let the Senate know how to run the University? Would it not be a step forward to let the sophomores take control of the Court to keep the seniors and graduates in subjection? And would it not be well for the juniors to be appointed the guardians and consors of the divinity students? My heart is sore and the future of Queen's seems dark indeed. *O tempora, o mores!* The glory has departed from Israel.

CELEBRITIES OF DIVINITY HALL.

No. 3.

"PANDITE *monseigneur Helisona, Desc, cantusque, moveo!*
Come down, ye muses, with both feet, for our
theme is a lotty one! Guide our pencil aright while we
sing of one whose exalted station demands no common
strains! And if, in our guileless simplicity, we may
chance to err, preserve us, we entreat thee, from the
vials of his righteous indignation!

At Queen's a quoser little man you may see—

A little man all in grey,

Merry and bright as a button is he,

While from cure and from whisks he's equally free.

"Ma foi, I laugh at the world!"—

What a gay little man in grey!

When dealing with stars of lesser magnitude we found comparatively little difficulty in launching forth into a discussion of their respective characteristics. But now, we hesitate to exhibit any undue levity, and fear that, in the execution of our task, we may be accused of a flippancy from which our intentions are far removed. The subject under examination, we may begin by saying, is tolerably well known in the University. While, in the past few years, his finely-moulded features have not been seen in our halls and corridors as often as they might be, his name is familiar to every honest opponent of tyranny and oppression. To the chaste and timorous Freshman, who feels himself ground to earth under the iron heel of a despotic senior class, our friend proves a champion of no feeble calibre. Despising, as he does, the laws of college life, which, like those of the Medes and Persians, alter not, he boldly combats wrong-doing, whether there be against him one or one thousand. Gifted with a resistless flow of eloquence, a monumental cheek, a flexible B flat voice and the courage of his convictions, there be few who would seek in cold blood to measure swords with him. His "tout ensemble," as it were, is not impressive. Indeed, we cannot help remarking that it is a burning pity the architect who constructed him did not add a couple more stories before he took down the scaffolding. Even a mansard roof would have been preferable to the abridged tho' symmetrical structure which we daily contemplate. Still we can reflect with Bacon that tall men are like tall houses—the attic is usually empty! No. 3 affords us a living testimony to the fact that piety and pastimes go hand in hand. An ardent supporter of America's national game, our little hero may be seen on a fine summer's day, clothed in a neat but not gaudy costume of *cern flannel*, his curly locks protected from the scorching rays of the sun by a fantastic sombrero of pale blue felt, and, seated on the scorer's bench at the ball grounds, recording notes of the game in a fat memorandum book and occasionally giving vent to shouts of glee as the other side "fannet out," or Ostry "slid home." And not only as a spectator does our hero shine. As shortstop he has few, if any, equals—in Divinity

hall—and we have seen him folding flies to his bosom in a manner that would drive a spider to suicide. In the political arena No. 3 is a prominent figure. Like the man with the wooden leg, he is often on the "stump," and it is when we see him in this capacity—the clenched fist of his right hand extended emphatically, his left plunged up to the shoulder in his breeches pocket, fire in his form and blood in his eye—then it is that we see him to the best advantage—then it is that we are consumed with an immense astonishment that the United States Government does not secure a bronze cast of his person and stick him up in New York harbour with a kerosene lamp in his hand in place of that knock-kneed libel on the human form that, at present, disfigures the approaches to the Yankee metropolis. A few enemies of No. 3 have ventured to couple the epithet "obstructionist" with his name, but this is a charge we feel it our duty to refute. As we have remarked before, the trifling fact that he is alone in his opinion affects No. 3 not one jot. And we claim for him a great deal of credit that he never suffers himself to be influenced by the blatant jeers of those who, exulting in their numbers, seek to reflect on his "small" minority. Upon the foibles of youthful humanity No. 3 looks with a lenient eye. He rightly considers that the road to—ah well, a warmer climate, is not necessarily paved with Bass's "Marines" and euchre decks. Being somewhat of a smoker himself, he believes that the man who fearlessly purchases a plug of Myrtle Navy, in full view of the world, is as eligible for a sunny hereafter as the sad-eyed individual who hobbles up his hands in holy horror at the mention of tobacco and then fills his pockets with cigars when no one is looking. No. 3 regards the truly Christian man as a consistent being. The passport to grace is not wrapped up in a lengthy countenance and a six-months-in-a-hospital look. When No. 3 goes forth from Queen's he will not pose as a "Saint n'y touche." He will pose as an original, and, mark our words, he will be a "hustler."

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

I AIN'T answering questions to-day, professor.

F. K—No.

What's the matter with me as a chairman?

J. C. A. M—L-L-R.

I pay a good deal of attention to *Etta-quette*.

D. ST—N.

Oh, who will deliver me from the snare of the—I'll wait till the clouds roll by.

O. L. K—L-B-N.

Ain't it handy to have your girl next door.

A. G. H—Y.

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